

SWEDISH EROTICA

ANNUAL



In this 100-page Annual edition of Swedish Erotica we reprise seventeen (Count 'em, seventeen!) of our favorite S.E. films, among them, four of the legendary 1100 Series.

And for those of you who are new to the longer, fuller film series, we have featured two, No. 1113 and No. 1115, just to give you a taste of what you've been missing. Each film contains three players, and the same star, Connie, happens to appear in both.

In *Eleven-Thirteen*, one of our favorite wetdreams, sexy blonde Connie, and a delicious brunette girlfriend try to assuage the incredible sexual appetites of the White King of Porn, John "The Wad" Holmes. And in *Eleven-Fifteen*, the dear girl (alone, this time) takes on the Black King of Porn, Johnny Keyes, and a friend. It's hard to say who's the better man — Halmes or Keyes — because Connie hasn't recovered yet and she's definitely not talking.

In fact, when recently interviewed, Connie was heard to mumble:
"Mmmph-mmp-mmmm!" Just as though she (still) had something very large crammed into her lovely mouth . . . ●



BUBBLE BATH—#92

When John Homes makes an appointment he keeps it, and he is always on time; thus he can become quite irritated when he is kept waiting. But in BUBBLE BATH he finds

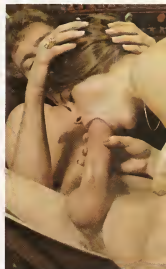
himself being stimulated by waiting. Linda is a new girl to him, but one he has wanted for some time. He has only seen her fully clothed, but his mind visualizes the naked

body beneath those clothes, the luscious titties so firm and rounded with nipples straight and firm. The exotic nipples were always so prominent under her sweaters and blouses, and John had a very vivid imagination. In those tight slacks she wore so often he could see the slight mound at her crotch and his eyes bore through the material and knew that a golden honey-nest hair was waiting for the touch of his hands, to be parted when it received his gigantic tool.

Even at that moment while he was laying naked on the bed he visualized her entire naked body as the shower water caressed it from head to toe. He could hear the water running in the bathroom and he found himself moving his hand along the shaft of his stiff dick. He would not masturbate, but he wanted his muscle to be hard and pulsating so he could take the girl immediately as she came to him. Her eyes glittered in lust as she looked at the massive throbbing instrument of sexual demands. John put his hands behind his head and his own eyes glistened, telling the girl it was all hers and she could do what she wanted with it. She knelt down beside the bed and took the prick with both her hands. She kissed the head of the dick with closed







lips several times, her sparkling eyes looking directly into his. Then she changed her gaze to the cock. She opened her lips and took the entire shaft deep into her throat. Her tongue slithered back and forth over the head, then around it inticingly. Her hot breath seared the shaft and the lower part of his balls.

John always appreciated girls who could turn him on. Over and over again he has called upon his prick to do the unusual, the impossible, the different, and out of duty he has accomplished all of these feats. But when he is with a girl who has style, knows what she is doing when it comes to "anything-goes" sex, he doesn't have to bring on outside fantasies to keep up the pace. The pace is set for him and he goes along for a pleasant ride. Their tongues melting together and their bellies rubbing together brought the heat in their crotches to a fever pitch. From that point on there would be no stopping them. They had to investigate more of their bodies.







John twisted around and once again the girl buried his dick deep into her throat while John's tongue searched out and found her pulsating clit and snapping vaginal lips. The smell of her perfume nearly overwhelmed his senses; forcing them into one entity and one entity only ... wild, unregulated, unhampered, unrestricted sex. He licked at the lips of her cunt and they quivered under his light rhythmic touch. And then slowly he let his tongue drift into the deep, wet channel of her pussy. The love hairs nestled over his chin, drifted across his nose. He wanted her pleased beyond a doubt before he himself came off for his own release and pleasure. He turned the girl around and buried his shaft deep into the girl's love-nest and pumped until her ass and

thighs flew into him with violent quakes that sent her arms flailing about in the uncontrolled movements of her sexual throes ... and still John pumped away at her hot, wet love-box. He kept her in that attitude until he felt her growing weak with the exertion of over stimulation.

And then he felt his own balls grow hot, tighten with the blood veins threatening to bust their casings. He felt the hot cum surging at the back of his balls, then with the sensations starting when the fluid mixed around his balls, he pulled out quickly and spun round to put his prick where the girl really wanted it ... into her mouth. She closed her lips tightly, lashed out with her tongue; and John realized the rest of the weekend would be just as delightful. ●





**BLACK AND WHITE LEZ
ORGY — #46**

Two oversexed young girls, one black and the other white, try to spend an evening at home without being tempted by the pleasures of each other's flesh, but they are unable to restrain themselves for long. Many erotic nights together have taught them tricks of giving pleasure to each other that will surpass your wildest imagination. Probing tongues, wet lips, caressing fingers that find their way deep into hidden valleys of quivering pink flesh lead into a night of thrills for the viewer, climaxing when they produce an enormous dildo that they are very happy to share.



LARGE AND SMALL — #22

What are the thoughts of a young bride as the wedding night approaches? For Ina it was one of waiting for her new husband so she could get balled and balled until she couldn't stand up! But what happened? He got drunk at a stag party. So drunk, in fact, that he had to be carried to the bridal suite by his two best men. They also took care of the bride, as they gave her more than she could have imagined, and as much as she wanted.



GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM — #26

GOOD NEIGHBOR SAM had come to the door of his friends, Silvia and Clyde late one Saturday afternoon in search of a cold beer. He got more than he bargained for.

Being such good friends there never was any knocking on the door . . . either of them simply walked into each other's houses. Sam had seen no reason to change the rou-

tine. He might have turned and walked right out again, but he was instantly caught up in the sight he saw there on the rug in the middle of the living room.

Silvia was giving Clyde a mean, head-bobbing, tongue-slashing, lip smacking blow-job. Sam froze in his tracks, eyes wide, cock rising in his pants, stretching so hard his zipper was threatened. He had arrived just seconds before Clyde shouted he was cumming and she quickly took her lips away scarcely half an inch and the juice shot out and over her tongue. She gulped it all down, then went back onto the cock to lick off the residue until the cock was entirely clean. Then still with the slowly weakening dick in her mouth she looked up and saw Sam standing there. She greeted him, muffled, around the cock, then took her time and stood up. Clyde took more time in getting to his feet. Silvia cleaned her lips with her tongue, took a big swallow then grinned.

With nothing else to say, Sam asked for a beer and Clyde said he was out but that he would go down to the liquor store and get a new supply, then he took off for that location. This left Silvia and Sam alone in the living room, both looking a bit sheepish. But Sam still hadn't lost the hard on hidden in his





pants. His eyes followed her tongue as it still teased her lips from time to time. It not only teased his lips, but it teased the hell out of his balls which were beginning to ache.

He hadn't tried it before, but this time if he had to, he would rape this lovely woman. Her husband would be gone at least half an hour. What the hell! He let his hand slip over her shoulder; she didn't

move; he let the hand slip down the front of her dress and took one of her breasts full into his hand and teased the nipple between two fingers. She loved it. She wanted it. She wanted him. He didn't take his hand away from her wonderfully soft, luscious tit as she opened the front of his pants and took his throbbing cock out into the open. Good God! The woman was in-

satiable for sucking cock!

She tickled the head of his prick for a long time with her tongue. She spit on it and made it wet and slimy the way she liked a good prick. Then the head disappeared and so did the rest of the shaft. It went far down her throat, further than it would take before most girls began to gasp and gag. She could have taken another fourteen in-



ches, and the heat so far down was as hot as the hottest cunt he had ever had.

She wanted him between her legs, and she wanted his tongue washing her cunt. He took her cunt first, spinning around so that she still held his prick tightly between her lips with her tongue sliding over it steadily. His tongue teased her clit a moment, then he took the entire clitoris

between his lips and sucked it until it measured more than an inch long. He pulled and pulled at it until her thighs rotated and pounded in her climax releases. She came eight times before he let go of her clit and stopped his tongue from tickling at it.

Quickly, so that none of their passion would subside, he shoved his prick deep into her cunt. His balls bobbed up

and down on her ass. He thought about trying her ass the next time, but for the moment he'd almost had enough. He couldn't take much more. Sam wasn't a man known for his staying power. He would reach a certain peak and that would be all there is to it. He would pop his cork and the explosion would be enough to weaken him for hours, especially if he had a blow job





along with a good fuck, and that's exactly what had happened to him.

But she wasn't going to take a chance of him cumming into her. She was quite prone to getting knocked up, and that she needed like a hole in the head. She felt his

meat muscle swell and his balls tense. She pulled away quickly and spun around just as quickly, just in time to take the cock in both hands and aim it at her mouth. Once again she took all the juice there was in that second cock. ●



RANDY DREAMS — #29

This film invites the viewer to enter the thoughts of a delicious blonde as she sprawls on a sofa. As her fingers probe deep inside her own juicy intimacy, she lets her mind recollect some horny memories. Like the adventure at the fair where she won a teddybear and took on two ardent young men at the same time. The memories are so good and so vivid that she soon drives herself to a shattering climax.



ORGY IN LEATHER — #37

Two sexy girls are spending a quiet afternoon, catching up on some reading. One is reading an explicit sex manual while the other leafs through a leather goods catalog. They decide to order some leather accessories. The next week their order comes in the mail and the girls eagerly try on the assorted merchandise. A young man walking outside sees them and they beckon him in to show off their leather. The man is duly impressed and the three horny people inexhaustibly engage in an eye-popping orgy that leaves the viewer limp.



OVERSEXED SECRETARY — #86

"Lawyers Have All The Luck," could have been another title for **OVERSEXED SECRETARY**. Dena is secretary to a handsome young lawyer named James, and

Dena has a friend, Barbara, who is very much in need of a lawyer, but her funds are low and lawyers are known to be very expensive. However, for those in the know, there are

ways of getting around this problem.

Barbara is introduced to James and Dena leaves the office, but she has a secret peephole which gives her a birds-eye view of the inner, private office. She watches and listens as James tells the girl not to worry about the expenses. Then he moves around his desk and his investigating hands go to the front of the girl's dress; then further into the deep "V" of the front where he fondles her naked titties. She is quite agreeable to their deal.

It takes only a moment for her to slip out of her dress and James to shed his trousers. For just such occasions, he wears no shorts. Her hands travel down his manly chest and take hold of his balls. Slowly she kneels down in front of him and still holding only his balls she takes his erected prick between luscious red lips, her tongue going down the length of the shaft; preceding her lips themselves; as if paving the way with hot spit . . . the sight of which causes Dena to throw off her clothes and insert three fingers into her own pussy. She begins to masturbate. At first it is slow easy movements then as the heat grows inside her, her fingers move in and out more rapidly. The entire lower part of her body throbs with the ever in-







creasing action and her free hand rises swiftly to capture her titties which she massages with the lust of the damned. She pops her cork,

but can stand the lone action no longer. She dashes into the lawyer's office and lowers herself in front of him with Barbara.







While Barbara nibbles at the head of his dick, Dena licks wildly at the shaft. The sweat is pouring off them profusely. It makes their bodies glisten in the office light. James begins to slowly move back and forth as if he is fucking the girl's face.

James finally swings around and pushes his throbbing dick into Barbara's straining cunt and Dena comes up to play with her titties while French kissing her in a vicious Lesbian style. Both the girls are panting in the heat of the passionate moment. Their bodies twist and turn, throb and pulsate with every thrust of the lawyer's big prick. But just kissing is not enough for Barbara even though she is being royally fucked. She leaves Dena's lips and river's her tongue down the length of the girl's body and soon it is buried deep in the honey-well;





licking and sucking at the clit; lapping at the walls of the magic door; inserting into the tunnel of mystery, of sexual delights, of hidden delicacies, treasures to be sought out and sucked deep into her lovely guts.

Dena may have shot a giant glob of cunt juice but she is still ready for more as she goes up under the fucking James and sucks at his balls and permits her tongue to drift from time to time away from the prick and diddle at Barbara's clit. Barbara knows she is going to have a mammoth orgasm and shows it with every muscle of her face.

James is not far behind either of them. It is apparent the girls have cum off several times already, but James has been holding back to the last moment so he can get the full enjoyment of the entire affair. But the strain is also showing on him because of this. He doesn't know how long he can hold back the flow of hot cum steaming in his balls.









Barbara doesn't want him to cum inside her. She likes to watch the jizm shoot out through the head. She pulls away and both the girls take the prick, one on each side and they sway back and forth as they again suck at him; harder and harder all the time. They leave the cock and go to his balls, each taking

one. They feel it all bubbling inside him there and they know he is about to shoot his wad. His hands go to each of their heads and they immediately get up to suck only at the shaft of his dick and then he shoots. The cum goes across each of their mouths and they drink him dry.

That's all folks!!! ●





HOT TUB—#94

Suzie grew restless in her HOT TUB, a wooden affair she had installed in an enclosure beside her mountain hideaway. John Holmes was inside waiting for her, and all

the time she soaped herself and sifted through the bubble bath which covered her entire body up to her chin she caressed herself. She liked to feel the soft bubbles against

her delicate skin which registered the lightest of touches. She could even sense the foam squishing through her toes. To her it was some kind of a sexy feeling . . . so much so she also fantasized that John Holmes was in the old wooden tub with her.

For nearly as long as she was in the bath she had wiggled her finger on her clit and then off-beats she struck two of her fingers deep inside of her to rub there another moment, then back to the clit. The routine brought on sensations which sent her senses reeling; her eyes blurred and only the sights, the fantasies, brought her mind climaxing, and all the time her fingers worked feverishly at her clit and into her pussy.

She brought herself to near orgasm before she stopped, then got quickly out of the tub and dried herself off; being very careful with the towel not to rub her cunt area too sexily. It wouldn't take very much motion to bring her off, and she wanted to save everything for her sexual encounter which was about to happen with John Holmes.

Because she had accidentally locked herself out, John slipped into a toga and opened the door for her. And being the sexual expert he is, John immediately saw that the girl was really hot and





bothered. The glazed eyes showed that she had to have his big dick stuck into her, but damned quick. Thus, when the door was closed and locked again he unbelted the toga and let it fall to the floor. He picked the girl up and carried her across the room to the bedroom and laid her easily down upon the soft mattress.

He stood looking down at her for a long moment and he got a chill which ran up and down his spine as he saw the end of her pink tongue come into view between her sparkling red lips. She licked her lower lip with the end of her tongue and it oozed a sex meaning which could not be denied. John's prick came up to its full length and width. It pulsed in the exact rhythm of his quickly beating heart. His breath came in the same short beats.

Suzie could resist no longer. She took her hand from her soft cunt-hairs where she had let it rest, her fingers moving slightly, and took hold of his prick. She drew him down to her and her lips parted. She couldn't









get much more than the head and two inches of shaft into her mouth, but it was enough to make her thighs quiver and shake in passionate responses.

John came to the point just before ejaculation when he lightly lifted the girl's head away from him. He had to take a minute off from the pleasing tortures her tongue sent through his prick, so he got to the bottom of the bed and let his tongue run through the dark pubic hairs, the soft dark pubic hairs, then without using his hands he parted the hairs with his tongue and searched out her clit which he sucked into his mouth with all the pressure he could bring to bear. The girl crossed her sweating legs around his head and held him there. She was rotating slowly back and forth getting more and more of the sensations John produced in her ... sensations which again brought on minds-eye fantasies.

John wanted to feel his dick in her pussy at least once during that session. He snaked his way up along her body until his lips pressed over hers and they opened to permit his tongue inside. And his hand went down to slide his cock into her. She was as hot as a furnace in her sex receptacle. The heat began to draw everything John had stored up in his sacs. The big release was about to come off, and they both knew it. Suzie beat him by only a moment; a few quick strokes ... but she was still having her explosive orgasms as he quickly pulled out and swiftly got his rod to her mouth just as the head began to spurt his love juices. Suzie gulped it all in, then her tongue licked all the rest into her throat. ●







THE ELEVEN HUNDRED SERIES

The editors of SWEDISH EROTICA take pride in presenting the new eleven hundred series of exotic, sensational film reviews. You will find the stories are treated more in depth so that you the reader might more fully be transported into the themes of the play. Although we shall continue to review other films and present them for your reading pleasure, the longer story version will be our feature.

HOT, BLACK SOUL — #1115

Connie is a lovely white girl who can only be sexually satisfied by black men . . . big stud type black men. And she is turned on by the music they play and enjoy. It starts her sex machine into action, makes her juices flow, pro-

duces a sparkle to her eyes which she can get in no other way. And Connie likes her sex. She'll take it anywhere, and anyway she can get it . . . anytime of the day or the night.

Connie is also a pretty fine,

professional dancer and is always in demand for one club or another which features stripping. She loves to watch the men tremble in their trousers as she gives them a turn on along with their booze. Her whole act is slow and





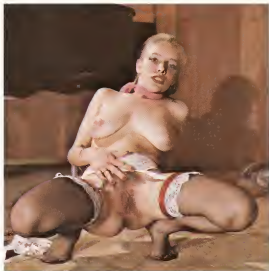
easy, using every muscle in her body. She doesn't feel that she has to use the bumps and grinds of the old time strippers. Speed seemed to be the entire situation with those acts. But Connie feels that her sensuous, sexual movements put across almost in slow motion is what brings her patrons back to see her act time after time . . . and she hasn't changed the act in more than a year. "Why change a good thing, a winner?" she has often been heard to say.

Presently she has two blacks accompanying her in the act. A piano player and a bongo player. But to make the act more compact and doubly enjoyable, Captain and Taxes are also Connie's lovers.









They have the most fun together during rehearsals which are held at Connie's place. This is because they do very little musical rehearsing. They have been together so long rehearsing at times can be a bore. This only happens when a new song is introduced into the act. Even then it is short and sweet. The trio have more important matters to slide into.

Connie stands the two men side by side and her hands run up the front of their trousers, until she feels their hands on stretching to break the zipper, straining for release from their shorts. But she doesn't permit this right at the start. She likes to cock-tease them. One at a time she will French kiss, but keeping her hand moving up and down gently on the front of the pants.



There have been other times with other blacks when she did this the man was so fascinated, his fantasies rocked his skull and he came off in his shorts. Connie has been very careful after that she never brings Taxes and Captain off that way. She knows just how far she can go with these two, and when she feels their cock beginning to throb in their pants she will back off from the two men and go into the same type of strip she does on stage. But this is a special turn on for the two black men. She will lift her skirt and use her fingers sexily on her cunt, and feign many orgasms, with quiver-



ing thighs and shaking hips. Her tongue will run lazily over her lower lip, and then it will lap out at thin air, feigning sucking an unseen cock.

By this time the two men are completely naked awaiting her pleasures. But the dance is long and fully sexually oriented. The men are holding hard cocks in their hand when they sink to sitting positions on the floor, and perhaps their hand is not stilled, they may be going up and down the shaft, almost jerking off.

When she gets down to her garter belt and nylon stockings, the men are nearly beside themselves in lust. Their eyes are glazed and sex-sweat makes their brown bodies glisten. They are moaning for release and Connie realizes it is time to take them on, both at once or one at a time, anyway they wanted the action to happen.

But she shows no preference in which of them will be taken on first for a head job. However, this time it is Taxes who feels her lips wrap around his dick first. Actually Taxes is the larger of the two in cock size . . . mainly in length. But Connie manages to swallow most of the shaft down into her throat. But she does have to stretch her tongue a bit to touch his balls when she gets to that point on the shaft.

While she is giving the blow job to Taxes she is up on her hands and knees and this leaves her rear end exposed and unprotected . . . not that she ever wanted it protected . . . she wanted it well used. And this is what Captain has in mind for her. He isn't going to be left out of any direct sex action.

He comes up behind the girl and spreads her ass cheeks apart so he can see the cunt and the fur muff just below her ass. And, straight as an arrow, this is where he drives the entire length of his









cock. Immediately the girl's ass starts in a back and forth motion to meet his thrusts and jabs.

Herewith Taxes starts moving his own ass so that he is jamming his cock into her mouth at the same time she travels downward along his shaft. Her entire body suddenly is in full motion with her titties bobbing up and down or swinging out to each side.

The drool of saliva begins to cascade out through her lips and down along his cock to be lost in the kinky pubic hairs to be found there. Her head bobs up and down faster and faster until the frenzy of the situation begins to show on the man's face. His features tighten up and his eyes stare down at the girl and her sucking.

She knows he is about to blast off because the cock

had suddenly gained more width in her mouth, and it pulsed to the rhythm of her rocking head.

Then she felt the cock in her cunt swelling in the same manner, and Captain's hands pressed heavier on the cheeks of her ass. She feels his hot balls slapping back and forth against her ass. They seemed to grow harder with each slap. She squeezed her legs tighter together so



that there was no chance of Captain slipping out of her cunt. She also tightened her lips over Taxes cock so that when he shot his load into her mouth she wouldn't lose a speck of the cum. She wanted it all, to swallow it deep into her stomach. Then she wanted to tongue his cock until she had licked up every speck which might still be resting there.

Taxes moaned a great moan of release and Captain made animal like sounds as both of them came off at the same time. Connie made the muscles of her ass suck at Captain's cock, and her mouth muscles urged everything out of Taxes shaft. She gulped and swallowed until there was nothing more in his dick, and he was yelling for her to cease. She had sucked him dry and his balls had begun to ache.

She released the dick, but not the one which was still spewing his juice into her cunt. She kept that there until the juices ebbed, and then she took her hand and pulled it out and placed her lips and her tongue over the sex instrument to lick that one clean also.

There would be a time lapse before they could continue, but the continuation







would come. And Connie would take the time to masturbate again, because of her insatiable pussy. The boys may have to rest up a bit, but Connie had the continuation which always came with the need for sex and the demands for sexual releases.

And while the boys are regaining their momentum she stretches out on the couch and has her pussy wide and open looking at them. There are times that it appears to be snapping at their very cocks, as flaccid as they

might be. They will not stay in that state for any long period of time. The sex out-puts of the girl will bring on the state of erection within moments and the boys will have the cum heating up in their balls almost at command.

Then with that insatiable need for the tongue to be over a cock, she lays out across Captain and takes the dick into her mouth, while Taxes comes in between her legs with his tongue. First he parts the love-nest hairs with his tongue, without using his









hands in any way. Just the tongue so that he can taste what has been there before. And he is the one who twists the clit with the tip of his tongue. He rims the outer layers of the vagina before he inserts, and then when the tongue is inserted, he goes all the way into the canal, licking at all the walls within the deep interior.

She feels his tongue's licking and his sucking with his breath coming hot into her pussy. But she also has nearly the same feeling in her mouth as she sucks at Captain's

prick which still has some measure of pressure before it is ready to explode. Although he is getting much of the feeling from the cock sucking, he is still not out of the flaccid state. There is something which has not built up in his balls as yet.

"Suck on it baby . . . suck it good . . . suck on that big old black cock and make it hard for me again." It was Captain and his words were grunted.

"She's got the sweetest cunt in town," mumbled Taxes between licking swipes

with his tongue across Connie's hot box.

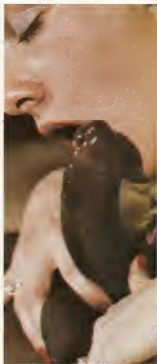
"Stay on it Connie, while I get stretched out on the bed," Captain stretched out on his back with his legs dangling over the edge. Connie had moved with his cock, still hanging onto his prick and not missing a stroke. But she had dislodged Taxes tongue from her pussy.

Her ass looked as sexy to him as her cunt had. He parted the cheek of her ass and stuck two fingers into the bung hole, and started working them back and forth. Con-









nie rotated her rear end slightly so as to keep up with the rhythm of his fingers, going in and out.

"Sweetest ass in town," said Taxes with his eyes watching his fingers in their insertion.

"That's what you said about her cunt."

"That too."

"Man, why don't you fuck it."

"I got that in mind too."

"Dig that black prick right up her ass."

Connie took her lips and tongue away from Captain's prick briefly. "Do it . . . do it . . . stick that big black prick right up into my ass. Shove it all the way in. I want it to hurt like all hell."

"Get your lips and tongue back on this cock girl. We ain't done yet."





She took his prick into her one hand jerked him a few times before once more she sucked the cock into her mouth and again started back and forth on it, her tongue licking at it all the time started back and forth on it, her tongue licking at it all the time and her throat, hot and wet sucked at it full force. But

with the other hand she reached down and diddled at her clit from underneath.

Taxes held his tool in his hand and jerked off for a full minute making sure that it was as hard as it was going to get. The head swelled into a shiny black and began to throb. He gripped the shaft in a tight strangle hold, and with





the other hand he opened the cheeks of her ass. He let the head of his prick travel around the rim of her ass for another long moment . . . a moment in which Connie

started jerking her ass back and forth with a passion brought on by the fantasies of what was going to happen to her.

She had been ass fucked

many times in her life, but she never got the kind of a thrill which Taxes could give her with that big, black, stiff prick of his. She couldn't take his full length, that was just too



much. But she could take most of it. The only thing she missed was the feeling of balls pounding on her ass like most of the other men, smaller in size, were able to do.

"You ready for this old meat muscle?"

"Ummmmmmmm," she hummed around Captain's swelling cock. Then she loosened the dick in her

mouth just long enough, to say, "Don't fill my mouth until Taxes is ready to shoot into my ass." She sucked on the dick again in ever increasing speed of lip and







tongue movements. Her ass also began to rotate with more speed. But Taxes held it still for the moment while he held his dick straight as an arrow heading for the target. She screamed one loud, long scream into the head of Captain's dick as Taxes gave one quick shove of his unlubricated prick into her anal passage. And when it hit the other end of the tunnel she screamed again and her head bobbed faster and her finger played a furious tattoo on her clit and into her cunt.

"Oh, what an ass . . . oh what a tight little beauty of an ass." Taxes had thrown his head back and was straining with every fibre, every nerve of his body. "Come on cock. Pump into her round little beautiful ass. Pump like you ain't never pumped before."

"Give her a load. Give her a good load. And make it quick. She's just about got me on the firing line. I'm feeling it growing in my balls, and it going to stay down there very long." Then he groaned loud and long as the jollies were about to steam through his prick and into Connie's awaiting throat.

"Oh, that ass is so tight. And what she's doing to my prick, her ass sucking it like she's doing." He was stabbing his dick into her even harder than he had before and her ass traveled just as hard outward to meet his thrusts.

Then it happened. Captain screamed out. "Here I come." He screamed out again and again.

"Right now," shouted Taxes and he gave one last great shove into her anus and held it fast there. But Connie's ass jerked feverishly in her own orgasms just as she felt the cum shoot into her mouth and down her throat and the hot stuff that spent itself into her anus. It is an explosive sexual affair of great magnitude. ●●●





ENCORE PERFORMANCE

YOUNG LOVE—#53

A young and horny couple are enjoying a quiet walk through a beautiful forest but their thoughts are on sex. In fact, this all day hike has given them some ideas that go beyond the normal. When

they get to her cabin in the woods it's no hold barred, as they try every delightful sexual attitude known. The wilderness has given them an uninhibited attitude that will leave you exhausted. ●





ENCORE PERFORMANCE THE HITCHHIKER - #66

A pretty, well-tired, blonde girl is hitchhiking across the country. A ride has just let her out, and she's about to thumb another ride, when the owner of a nearby house sees her and invites her in. She thanks him and

goes along. He gives her a cool drink and starts to play around, caressing her body lightly. And it works. She is soon stimulated to the point where she's putty in his hands, and after they are undressed, she really

shows him some tricks she's learned. They enjoy it all, and later while he's resting on the bed, she slips out to the street again to get another ride, and all he can do is wave goodbye. ●



ENCORE PERFORMANCE

THE WORKMAN—#48

Riding his bike home from school one day, a lusty young girl fails to notice the admiring glance cast at her by an attractive young construction worker. He can't resist and follows her home, where she is

sunbathing by the pool. The sight is too much for him and he makes his presence known. She is surprised, but likes his looks. One thing leads to another, and soon they are frolicking by the pool, his tongue reaching the in-

ner depths of her pulsating womanhood. Then he quickly takes her and, soon, consumed by the impending crescendo of pleasure, she uses her full lips to bring him to the wet ending he so desperately sought. ●



THE ELEVEN HUNDRED SERIES

The editors of *SWEDISH EROTICA* take pride in presenting the new eleven hundred series of exotic, sensational film reviews. You will find the stories are treated more in depth so that you the reader might more fully be transported into the themes of the play. Although we shall continue to review other films and present them for your reading pleasure, the longer story version will be our feature.

STEAMING SAUNA PARTY — #1113



Big John Holmes, the sexual-superstar of this cinematic sizzler is stretched out in a wooden tub, feeling the steaming waters of his outdoor sauna, lapping away at his naked, overworked body. The dry heat of the sauna opens all of his pores, cleansing him thoroughly while the bright, seaside sunlight warms his face. Warmth is a feeling that John associates with sex. And sex, after a weekend of constant fucking and sucking with her, is now a feeling he associates with beautiful, blonde Connie. Remembering Connie's quivering, cock-clenching, blonde-fuzzed cunt, brings a smile to John's lips, and a gigantic bulge to his crotch, making the waters around his waist ripple and bubble as his meatclub leaps to life.

John has just returned from a month on the road; fifty different cities in thirty days, promoting a new line of mens' swimtrunks for a major fashion designer. Big John's remarkable dong was a fashion-show-stopper every time he took the stage in a brief swimsuit. Female buyers everywhere went wild at the sight of it, and gave fat orders to John's employers, who rewarded John most generously for his efforts. And at every show, at least one female purchasing agent made an outright proposition to Big John. John could not remember a month in his sex-life when he had balled a better-looking bunch of bimbos than the female buyers he had fucked in



the past month. But fate had been kind to John, saving the best for his last stop on the tour.

At the close of his modelling session at the Convention Center in Chattanooga, Tennessee, Connie, a stacked, snub-nosed, blue-eyed, blonde belle approached him. John had spotted her earlier at the session, and his first reaction was a salute from his cock to that eye-ful, mouthful, and hopefully, bedful of perfect, pulchritudinous pussy.

Connie told John the name of her employer, one of the biggest department store chains in the country, and said that she was considering placing an enormous order for the swimwear John had modeled.

"Well, what's your opinion of it?" asked John, half-smiling and lightly fingering his crotch fab-

ric, to show that he was inquiring about his swimtrunks.

"I think it's gorgeous" answered sexy Connie, half-smiling and lightly rubbing her own crotch, to show that she was not talking about swimtrunks.

"So what's keeping you from placing an order?" replied John, who was as good a businessman as he was a cocksman . . . well nearly as good.

"Not so fast, lovelump. How can I tell if the material they're made of is solid?" asked Connie, licking her lips as she openly stared at John's erected prick, fully outlined beneath the lightweight fabric of the bathing suit. Talking to this playful, teasing buyer-bitch had turned John on, full blast.

"If they can keep me from breaking through, baby they can stand up to any man," said

John, flexing his knees to make his cock bulge-out even more prominently, to prove his point.

"Well honey, I have to admit that the fabric seems to be holding up well under pretty strong pressure. But can they withstand heavy rubbing?" She wrinkled her pert little nose, and stood with hand on rounded hip awaiting his reply.

"Try me," said John. Though they were in the middle of a crowded room, Connie, without the slightest hesitation reached for John's dong, rubbing all around his crotch for a full minute or more. She bent the latex fabric around his balls, and probed beneath it with the long nail of her pointer. To Connie, it may have been playful probing, but to John, it felt like she was scratching his balls viciously. He wanted to scream out his pain,



but there were at least twenty pairs of eyes watching nearby who still thought Connie was just testing the durability of his trunks, and it would have created a scene to call attention to himself by raising his voice. So even when Connie snapped the latex band of his trunks hard against one of his balls, sending a red pain searing through his crotch, John just stood there and smiled. And through his smiling teeth he muttered; "I'll take my pound of flesh out of your sweet ass, bitch!"

Connie's smile outdazzled Johns, and the fleshy mounds of her bountiful boobs jiggled above her low-cut dress as she laughed in a deep, throaty purr. "I'd love that John. As long as you promise not to neglect my pussy, while you're taking it out of my ass," replied Connie. Then she handed John his biggest order of merchandise on the trip, on which she had written, "Hotel Saxony, Room 203, 7 P.M." John Holmes quickly calculated his commission on Connie's order as being over eight hundred dollars, and whistled to himself over his good fortune with her. He knew she was undulating her plump, ripe buns for his pleasure as she walked away from him, and could hardly wait to lay his meatpole on her.

They spent an entire weekend shackled up in her luxurious hotel room, fucking and sucking and calling room service in between new bouts of sexation, for food and drink. The closest they ever came to leaving the room, was on the second morning









when Connie drew back her bedroom-suite curtains, saw the rain splattering on the street below, shrugged and said, "Oh shit, it's raining, let's fuck."

From the moment John had arrived at her room, and Connie had opened the door wearing nothing but a dildo inside her golden pussy and a cute, little-girlish smile, until the moment John had departed wearing a fucked-out grin and a pair of drooping, overspent balls below a cock crying for rest, it had been the hottest weekend of John Holmes' torrid life.

Connie took on John's bulky big-bopper from every angle that a cock can penetrate a pussy. For their first fuck, John jammed her against the wall, put his hands around her tiny waist, and lifted her straight up, dropping her right on the head of his prick. She yelped like a bitch puppy with her foot caught in a bear trap, as John's mighty dong

Continued









THE ERECTION
OF PHIL — #1106

Two glamorous temptresses who live together, find that they share a mutual lurch for the same man, who is just about to arrive at their pad for a date with one of them. When the unsuspecting Phil arrives, the two vixens are both gloriously in the nude and hot to trot. Both go down on him as they strip his clothes. Then they make tantalizing sensational love to each other, their tongues smashing together, before seeking deep into each other's furry pink paradises for their searing clits. Phil is mindblown and cockblown by the sizzling contact between himself, his date and her roommate. This highly erotic beginning blossoms into a prolonged finale in which all three join together for an orgy of explosive, orgasmic sex, which explores the limits of human sexual endurance. ●





MINI-REVIEW

UP MY HILL — #1108

John Holmes has just bought a swank home in New York. Naturally he wishes to give it a proper housewarming, so he invites one of the hottest women to ever warm a house, or a cock, to join him in making his house feel like home. Thelma, a sensuous exotic beauty, is awed by the private tram that takes them up the steep slope to John's pad. She is more than awed, when she sees the tool which is to open her lock . . . the sexual lock to her innermost secrets. She fastens her lustful lips around that celebrated shaft and her tongue laps the cockhead as his tongue sloshes around in the roiling juices of her pussy. When his mighty meatpole decides to take the rear entrance to sexual delectation, the pulsating penetration into her incredibly smooth anal passage is truly a sight to behold. Holmes' home on a hill is steamingly warmed as he makes himself at home, thirteen inches deep inside her rectal valley between Thelma's firm, soft buns. ●

Continued

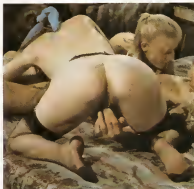
reamed her insides. But though her honeypot had never taken on a piece of cockmeat as massive as John's (what woman ever has?), Connie's pussy was certainly as stretched-out a cunt as John had ever pronged, in a such a young, tender woman. She took his deepest thrusts without flinching, although her moans were a mixture of pleasure and some pain. For John was repaying Connie for her earlier ball-scratching, by jamming her down on his meatclub and riding it into the depths of her cunt-cavern with a vengeance. Droplets of per-





spiration appeared all over her reddening body.

As John's fucking sped up, Connie stuffed her pretty, pendulous boobs into his mouth. Her nipples had a slight strawberry flavor, and were hard enough to make his head ring when they came into contact with his teeth. Soon, she figured out a way to make Big John slow down his furious, killer-cuntramming. For Connie wanted to feel its full length reposing inside her, to measure at leisure in her mind just how far a cock can go up her cuntal walls. By keeping her tit in his



mouth until he became breathless, Connie accomplished her objective, and the pleasure she felt, controlling such a sex-engine inside her gushing, throbbing cunt brought her a series of sharp, intense orgasms.

Her riotous orgasms caused her her cunt to tighten around John's shaft. The heavy sucking action of her pussy milked his balls, making him grow even more awesomely thick within her. His own sweat now mingled with hers, and he drove into her like a stallion on the hottest mare in his harem. His jizm spurted into her.





She melted completely into quivering, climaxing cuntmeat.

Connie had caught the next flight out of Chatanooga following Big John's departure. Her position as the purchasing agent of a department-store chain included the responsibility of visiting local stores throughout the country, and Los Angeles was her next scheduled stop. She didn't tell John that she was headed his way because she loved to surprise men in their homes with the gift of herself — her freewheeling, free-fucking services, for as long as she would be in their hometowns.

She did not mind, if, when she arrived, John had another woman with him. For Connie liked to get it on with a cunt as much as she enjoyed being pummeled by prick. In fact, she hadn't arrived at John's cottage alone. Pam, the pretty, brunette stewardess, whom Connie had met on the her flight to L.A., came along for the ride. And what a ride Connie had promised her. On the biggest dick in the Western Hemisphere, Connie had sworn to the adorable, ass-wiggling Pam.

Now they were in John Holmes' bedroom, both in their sexiest dresses, because they wanted to be of instant appeal to him. But Big John was nowhere to be seen. Pam immediately began to complain, saying that Connie had made the whole superstud story up to entice her to the cottage. "Maybe you're an out-and-out lez who wants to shack up with a woman all the time, but I need a man between my legs on a regular basis to keep this pussy purring," whined the long-legged, dark-haired temptress.

"Poor pretty baby. Don't fret pet, when John gets here you'll have more cock than you can handle for as long as you can handle it," replied Connie. She stroked pretty Pamela's tresses, smoothing away her anger with her exciting touch. Her lips ran up and down Pam's long, slender white neck, and her teeth trailed her lips, bestowing scrap-









ings and lovebites down to her pointy nipples. It was as easy as pie, pussy-pie, getting Pamela ready for another tongue-to-cunt session, only this time Connie gave as well as she received a proper cunt-sucking for such a lovely pussy as Pam's. The pressure of clits against their cute noses, and tongues up their steaming snatches, brought them off into orgasms as fast as you can say "69 so fine."

But after they had both spent themselves, by leaking cuntjuice into each other's mouths and spasming, Pam was totally furious with Connie. John still had not arrived, and Pam was now certain that Connie had tricked her. Even Connie's solemn assurances that John was for real, and she had checked at the airport to make certain that he was bound for his home before she had taken her flight, did not be-

gin to convince Pamela. She redonned her pretty, white summer dress, and refused to discuss the matter further with Connie, saying that she was leaving and that was that. Connie hurried into her own basic black low-cut dress, so that she could follow Pam outside and make a final attempt to dissuade her from leaving, what she was sure would be a fantastic three-way orgy with John.

Connie trotted briskly to try to keep up with the longer legged beauty's rapid walking pace. As Connie reached the rear exit, she heard a loud, dreamy "Wow" spoken in Pam's high-pitched voice. She had no need to look to be able to tell what Pam was exclaiming about. "Wow" had been exactly her own first reaction to the sight of John's mighty cuntcrusher. She had no need to look, to know what was flashing through Pam's thrilled mind. She had no need to look, except that looking turned her on. And sure enough, there stood Pam above the sauna, staring down at John's dong with bulging eyes and open mouth.

"Don't just stand there and stare, baby. Suck something," said John, running his eyes up through her skirt above him and catching sight of Pam's pretty, pouting, juice-pouring cuntlips. Before that, he had looked her over as she came out of his cottage, and had liked everything he saw, from top to tit to twat to toe.

Pam's tongue circled her lips, as slowly, as if hypnotized she stretched out, full length beside the sauna, and dipped her head down, until it met the reclining man's upshooting cock. She licked at the cockhead, tasting amazing warmth on it, then dipped even lower and scraped at the sides of his shaft with her teeth. Then she sucked as much cock as would fit between her vacuuming cheeks into her, sighing loudly as she gobbled.

Meanwhile, Connie, still unobserved by Holmes, had squirmed her head between Pam's gaping thighs. She was nose fucking Pam's asshole, while tonguing out her cunt from the rear., in rhythm with Pam's head-bobbing cocksucking of John.

They went on that way for five minutes, John's cock growing even thicker in Pam's mouth so that she was forced to disgorge it between shaft-sucks in order to breathe. Then Connie, who was extremely fair-skinned,



ceased her cuntlapping to complain about what the sun would do to her skin if she remained outdoors. Hearing Connie's dulcet tones, John sat up from the stone bench upon which he had been reclining while being sucked senseless and saw Connie's face poking up behind Pam's upraised buns. Freckles were covering her skin, which had already turned a shade of reddish pink in just the few minutes she had been giving head to Pam. Pam was still sucking away to beat the band, gagging on the

heavy log clogging the back of her throat. But as soon as John laid eyes on his favorite cockmilker, Connie with the quivering cunt, it made him fuck Pam's face without restraint, forcing her to spit out his meatclub rather than to choke on its amazing bulk.

Connie took advantage of the sudden freedom of John's cock, to maneuver him inside his bedroom; She led him by the shaft and Pam tickled his balls all the way inside.

Once inside the bedroom, the





girls shed their clothes as if they had been infested, while John kicked back on his comfortable waterbed and gave them a free show of his powers with his cock, which was now a full thirteen inch collusus. It was a regular Dong Show for the ladies, watching Big John move it from side to side like a cobra, but never touching it with his hands.

"Who's first," he said, patting the bed beside him.

"Please let me have him now," pleaded Pam, rubbing her pussy urgently to show she was crav-

ing for penetration by the pulsating prick.

"Sure baby," replied Connie, "you've been pining for it ever since I told you about it. Stuff your pussy full with it for as long as you like. There'll still be plenty more left over for me when you're through."

His cock was as solid as steel and required no further stimulation. So Holmes crawled over to the side of the bed and grabbed both of Pam's meaty buns with his strong fingers, and kneeling, gently tongued her pink slit,

Continued

THE SEXOLOGIST — #151

A beautiful brunette housewife pays a visit to the office of a doctor with a reputation for being a miracle worker in curing frigidity. He lovingly examines her luscious, glistening pussy, while his voluptuous blonde nurse tests the patient's ability to receive pleasure in her nipples by sucking them into ripe hardness. Pretending to be using a modern machine for examining the deeper recesses of the housewife's vagina, the impassioned nurse inserts the latest in sex machines, an electronic dildo, all the way up the

patient's spasming lovebox. The sexologist, a horny doctor with a bulging wang, instructs the housewife on the finer points of fellatio, using his cock and her hot, suctioning mouth to bring his lessons to life. The passions aroused in the office, and in every one of her orifices, turn the housewife to a fiery sexual animal. She is insatiable, making up for lost sexual opportunities with a lust so total, that it is impossible to view this film without becoming involved in the action. ●





MINI-REVIEW

MOVIE TURN-ON — #160

A man who has bought a hot Swedish Erotica film finds that his projector has gone on the blink. As he curses his bad luck, he suddenly remembers that his two delightfully sexy neighbors have their own projector. They gladly agree to share the film with him and they settle back for some stimulating entertainment. But after a few moments of watching the hard-core action, all three get so worked up that they decide to outdo the actors in the film. The girls pull out his prick and wrap their moist, twitching, sensual mouths around it, while his fingers pull the strings of ecstasy in their rushing, gushing honeypots. What follows is a searing, three-way sex-session as both women take turns impaling themselves on his pulsating dong. As the film on their home screen flickers to an end the flames flickering in their sexual organs roar on to a mighty climax. ●









Continued
then seized her labia between his teeth and growled into her depths. He felt a tremble in her cheeks, but then she pulled back. She didn't want to be eaten out, even though it felt wonderful when being sucked dry by such an experienced sexpert as John Holmes. But her impatience for cock was too urgent to be denied. Seeing this, John pulled her down on top of him, and glided inside her warm, wet, wriggling cunt. He fed it into her, half an inch at a time, but as soon as he passed the four inch mark, her cuntal walls seemed to collapse around him in a spasm so strong that it denied him deeper access. It was his vast thickness that was a barrier to deeper penetration. Her cunt walls had never been forced so wide apart. She looked down at John with frightened brown eyes.

"Don't sweat it, pretty pussy,



you'll get it all," John said with an easy smile on his lips. He pulled her cuntlips wide open with his fingers, and plied her

no deeper than he had already penetrated. Her head began swaying from side to side, and she moaned like a disembodied

Connie's hot tongue lapping away, half-way up his asshole, urging him on. She was tongue and finger fucking his asshole,



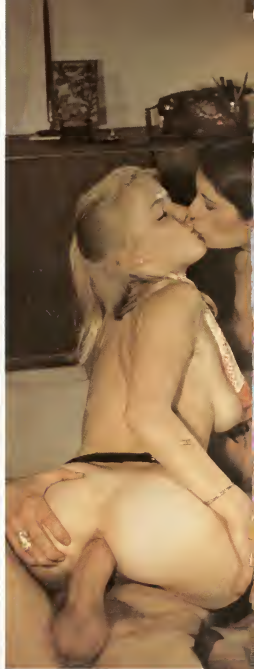
tits with tender kisses, and lingering nipple suckings, rocking her up and down on his cock, but allowing himself to go

spirit. "More cock," she screamed, and John could feel her hot juices dripping on his balls. By then, John could feel

which double the pleasure for John.

There was no stopping him now. He was a sex-engine in full-







throttle, and soon Pamela knew the unique pleasure of being split in two and exploding, to be in-out, in-out strokes of a thirteen inch magic wand. She came until she could come no more. Until she felt that another stroke of his dong would leave her a drooling vegetable for life. Then with a banshee scream she flung her body upwards with all of her might to dislodge John's meatclub, but it was useless. There was no way she could free herself without getting John to agree to it. But he still wasn't even halfway to the point of coming. Tears rolled from her eyes to John's shoulder. Immediately John lifted her gently off his cock. For inflicting pain on sweet-fucking temptresses was a turnoff to Big John Holmes. Unless a bitch asked for it by taunting or teasing him, John hated to hurt a woman with his God given gift. Besides, a finer fuckstress by far still awaited him; and for bringing along such a wanton, willing wench as Pam, John intended to

reward Connie with the best fucking he could administer to her.

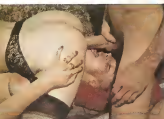
Connie was on her back immediately, but John rolled her on to her stomach. "Get on all fours baby. You bring out the animal in me," John grunted. Connie gladly obeyed, knowing that by balling him doggie fashion, she would be getting all of John, length and width into her commodious cunt. Big John knelt behind her, groping the silken, flawless skin of her buns.

She was so ready to roll that her hips were already rotating as he laid it into her. With Connie, John did not have to exercise caution in entering and cuntclimbing, as he did with most other women — Pam had been more typical — and so he rammed his cock home, thirteen inches up her cocktunnel, banging his balls against her thighs and pounded her pussy without quarter. His pelvis slapped against her buttocks again and again as her hips circled and circled, sloshing

cuntjuices around his cock, triumphantly squeezing it with her powerful cuntal muscles.

Meanwhile, Pam had recovered from her multiple climaxes, and was eager to participate in the fiery fucking between John and Connie. And between them she went, gliding herself backwards beneath Connie, until her head was right below John's dong. That way, Pamela could lick away at the full length of his shaft, suck his balls, and tongue out the juices flowing from Connie's cunt. She did all of this, with loving devotion, especially loving the taste of John's scrotum as she popped his balls into her cheeks. And her own cunt was being worked on by Connie's gasping lips, between her ecstatic screams.

Connie and John pushed themselves to the limits of their endurance, holding out on their desire for final release until the blood pounded in his head, and Connie was reduced to a chunk of gorgeous quivering meat. But the double action of Pam's tongue exciting the bottom of his shaft, and Connie's suctioning pussy at last proved too strong for John to resist any longer. Connie's screams of climax were enough to wake the dead, and the convulsions from her cunt, activated the pump in John Holmes' balls. He spurted it into her with mighty pelvic thrusts. She took all of his jizm — it seemed like gallons to Connie — then fell forward onto Pam's crotch, causing the last few spurts of John's jizm to trickle into Pam's twitching mouth and all over her pretty, lust-crazed face. ●





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AH, for the life of a surfer!

Riding the waves all afternoon, then coming into the beach to see what tempting little morsels are out sunning their smooth little bodies . . . just waiting for a bronzed cocksman to provide an evening's entertainment. The hot pussies that decorate the sand in their skimpy bikinis go for the surfer type, the blonde Adonis with a hard-on in his jams. Don't think the girls don't watch the guys surfing. The sight of a muscular young stud, a free spirit riding the breakers on his pointed board, really turns the chicks on, and their cunts are liquid with desire before the guy even comes ashore. The surfer in this magazine tried his old trick for meeting a babe: "Can I use your towel, beautiful?" was his come-on line . . . and it worked. The girl was tongue-kissing before they left the sand, and by the time they got to the beach-house his wealthy buddy lets him use free of charge, that beautiful mouth was curling around his hard cock. Kneeling, she pulled down his swim trunks and sucked him off, then practically begged him for a fuck.

Naked and suntanned, the two young bodies romped on the tile floor of the huge dressing room in the plush beach house. They never even got to the bedroom! His thick cock sank deeply into her tight, wet pussy . . . completing a perfect day of surfing and sex!

"SURF'S UP!"

AND SO IS
THE SURFER!!



Mitchell came out of the water with a hard-on! Toting his surfboard, he strode over the hard-packed wet sand, eyes riveted on the shapely brunette before him. She lay on a blanket, spread on the dry sand, baking her back in the warm

sun. By the time he got up to her, he could see that his appraisal was correct. Even from out there in the breakers, surveying the shore from his standing position on his board, Mitch could tell the brunette was a fine piece of ass.

"Borrow your towel?" he asked cheerfully.

"Huh? The girl looked up, her mouth falling open with surprise, but suddenly she brightened. In a flash, Mitchell knew something about her. She'd been surveying the guys too, checking them out as they rolled in on their surfboards, and



**THE CHICK IN
THE BIKINI
GAVE HIM A
HARD-ON.**

now she was recognizing one of the dudes she'd taken a shine too. "Forgot my towel," he said. "Mind if I dry off with yours?" "S-sure," the girl said, blushing noticeably as she rose and handed him a towel.



**WHEN SHE
DOFFED HER
TOP, HE
CUDDLED HER
BOUNCING
BREASTS.**

He noticed that she glanced down once at his crotch, reddened a little more and then brought her eyes up to his as he made good use of her towel on his face and across his back. He knew his peg was standing at attention, tenting out the front of his soaking-wet jams. Mitch didn't mind, figuring a good look at the size and shape of his dork might get the chick hankering for a fuck. "They call me Mitch," he said. "How do they call you?"



**"OH! I NEVER
KISSED A GUY'S
COCK BEFORE!"**



**HE SAT ON THE
BENCH,
ENJOYING THE
BLOWJOB.**

"Gwen," the brunette came back, smiling shyly.

His rod twitched excitedly, and he figured this was the time to make his move.

"You're the prettiest thing I've seen on this beach in a long while," he said.

"Why, thank you?" she beamed.

"Say, a buddy of mine owns that beach house right there. Let's me stay in it while he's in the city. Would you like to come in and get acquainted?"

"Sure," the brunette said, shrugging. "You're kind of cute yourself." Mitchell smiled, holding her sparkling eyes with his own, and then he took a chance and leaned towards her, bestowing a friendly little kiss on her mouth. She didn't

withdraw. Instead, her soft lips parted and she seemed to be asking him for more. Mitch's rod of flesh was now a rod of iron in his trunks, as he took half a step closer to the girl and then pressed his mouth over hers. She responded warmly, bringing her fingertips up to caress his bare chest as she widened the aperture of her mouth.





**HER LIPS
TIGHTENED
AROUND HIS
HARD ORGAN.**

Then they were tongue-kissing, and after a little of that they were walking off hand-in-hand to the beach house.

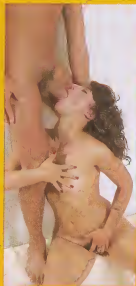
Mitch wasn't surprised at how easily the chick had fallen into his hands. As

they strolled off, he dropped his hand to her bare waist, then to her ass. He cupped the firm, shapely buttock through the thin white cloth of her bikini bottom,

patting it tenderly. Girls were vulnerable at the beach, almost naked in their bikinis. They showed much more of their bodies than ever they'd dare in street clothes, and he knew that they loved to steal glances at a guy's basket, thrilling to the sight of cock and balls clearly outlined.

A single chick on the sand was an easy pickup. Away from her friends and cohorts at work or home, who knew her or could report her behavior? Excited by her near nudity and his, a lone girl was easy pickings, and this one was no different.

"Hey, this is some place," Gwen said, when she got a look at the inside of the fine beach house.





"EAT MY MEAT, HONEY!"

"Too bad I can't afford one like it," the guy came back. They were standing in a beautiful tile changing room. "You should dry your bikini," he said.

Mitch had slipped in behind the girl, sliding his hands around in front of her. He cupped her large breasts, as if feeling the wetness of her suit. He could hear her sigh, and the warmth of her body aroused him more than before. His dick was like a pencil in his trunks, jabbing out the cloth and poking the pretty young girl in the ass.

"Oh, that feels good," she said. "Maybe you're right. Maybe I should get this top off and let it dry hanging up."

Mitchell undid the girl's top in the back, and she gave a little giggle as she shrugged it off her shoulders. His cock stiffened appreciably at the sight of her smooth bare back. His hands caressed the skin of her upper arms, soft and satiny, and then she had drawn the cups of her bikini top from her plump breasts and tossed it over a towel rack.

Mitch brought his hands to her midriff, enjoying the solid feel of her body and the sleekness of her fine young skin. Then he







slid his hands upwards, finally cupping the quivering globes of her full, womanly tits.

"M-m-m, that DOES feel good," she purred, as his palms cuddled her naked knockers from below and his fingertips tickled the hardening nubbins of her nipples.

Suddenly, she turned, pulling her body away from him. That just made her breasts bounce and sway more enticingly on her chest, and it stiffened Mitch's cock even more. Gwen glanced down at his crotch again, smiling excitedly.

"Your trunks are wet," she said. "You should dry them out." Then she giggled again.

"What about the bottoms of your bikini?" the guy



came back. "They should be hung up too."

"First your trunks."

Mitchell smiled, then hooked his thumbs into the elastic waistband of his jams and slid them down his flat hips. The

water-logged trunks dropped abruptly to his ankles, leaving his prick jutting straight out.

Gwen's eyes bulged, and she unconsciously licked her lips with passion. Her knees looked shaky, as she took a lurching step closer to the guy, and then she was kneeling at his feet.

"Looks like Peter needs some attention," Mitch said. "He likes to be petted and kissed."

"Kissing I don't know about," the girl said,

reaching up and gently caressing the taut-skinned cock-head, then gripping the whole rod and pulling it back and forth. She played with the guy's dong for a time, then gasped once and seemed to fall forwards . . . towards his crotch.

The nut-shaped cock-head brushed her lips just once, making the girl blush crimson, but then she went back to it and bestowed a fond kiss on the rounded glans.

"OH, Mitch," Gwen sighed. "It's . . . it's marvelous! I just love it."

Mitch inched his loins forward, laying the head of his dick on the girl's lower lips, then nudging it further in. Gwen

opened her mouth and let the cock slide in. She paused — for just about the count of a heart-beat — and then she took

Mitch's rod all the way into the hot, wet cavern of her mouth. She tightened her lips on the thing, then brought up her tongue to put pressure on the underside. Seconds later she was shifting her head forwards and back, giving a

very good version of an accomplished cock-sucker throwing a guy a plain and fancy blowjob!

O-H-H-H. O-H-H-H.

A-H-H-H. A-H-H-H."

Mitchell moaned, then staggered back to a bench that was covered with big terry towels. He dropped back onto it, as the chick





**HE SQUAT OVER
HER FACE,
FEEDING HARD
COCK TO HER
GAPING MOUTH.**

followed him, her oval-
ling lips still tightly
clamped onto his throbbing
pecker. At first she
stood up and bent over
his lap, her face right
down to his crotch, but
then she went to her
knees again, sucking
crazily, her head bobbing
in and out. He had
stepped out of his wet
trunks.

Gwen didn't remove her
mouth from the guy's
cock till her jaw ached
and grew stiff.

"G-o-o-osh!" she gasped.
"That makes your mouth

**THE BRUNETTE
STRETCHED OUT
ON THE FLOOR
TO ENJOY A HOT
"69."**

hurt . . . when you do it
too much."

"As far as I'm concerned,
Mitch grinned, "you
CAN'T do it TOO much
. . . at least on me."

Laughing and giving him
a friendly little slap, the
brunette rose and slipped
her fingers into the bot-
tom of her bikini, then
began to slide it over her
smoothly rounded hips.

She shifted her lower





**SHE COVERED
HIS BODY,
SUCKING COCK
AND PRESSING
CUNT TO HIS
MOUTH!**

body sensuously as she wriggled out of the tight white bikini, and then she lowered it to her feet. Slipping out of it, she hung it beside her top, then returned to where

Mitch stood gaping at her, his hard-on jutting upwards from his curly patch of pubic hair. Both of them were stark naked now.

Mitch rose, indicating that he wanted the girl to sit on the tile floor, and when she did he squat right over her, lowering the tip of his rod to her lips. She took it in gladly, then began to guzzle his cock with her wet mouth. Mitch was lowering his torso and then raising it by flexing his knees, feeding his prick to her fast-sucking mouth.

Then the guy got her sitting on the bench, and he stood right up on it, dropping his dong down her throat! She gasped, then gagged, but soon she was deep-throating the guy, as he stood over her and bent his knees to lower his hard-on as far into her mouth as she could take it. The guy's skin tingled and the tiny hairs on his naked ass prickled. His nuts tightened and his heartbeat sped up violently. This

was the best cock-sucking he'd ever gotten, and quite a few of the teenaged chicks on the beach had taken him up on his offer to head for the beach house and a little fun!

"M-M-M-M!" Mitch sighed. "That's the way to eat my meat, honey. M-M-M-M-M. A-H-H-H-H!" Mitch felt his whole body melt. It was as if HE were





**"I'M READY.
FUCK ME! I'M
READY!"**

a giant peter! All he could see was lips . . . the girl's lovely mouth on his dick. Warm sensations flooded his body, then overwhelmed him.

He felt as if he were floating! His legs turning to water, he came down from his standing position, and then he was all over the chick. She was laughing and sputtering with her mouth still on the end of his bone, as he tumbled her to the floor. Gwen ended up on top of the guy, as he stretched out on his back and just reveled in the sensations on the end of his prick. Gwen lay over his body, her mouth clamped to his dick and her bush pressed into his face. Then she was humping up and down too, as if she were fucking his face with her pussy mound. "O-H-H-HHH," Mitch groaned, as the fragrance of pussy juice filled his nostrils. "OH, baby, this is too much!"

The brunette was actually rubbing her cunt on his mouth, shagging it briskly. She was getting herself off, making hot friction on his face with the hump of her cunt. She spread her thighs and clamped her legs onto his head, then speeded up the thrusts of her loins. Mitch could hardly breath, but he





**HIS ROD
THRUSTED IN
AND OUT FROM
BEHIND HER
WIGGLING ASS.**





was on her back on the tile floor and the surfer was over her. He pressed his mouth to her cuntal mound, digging his tongue in deeper and deeper. The blond beach-god heard the chick moan with pleasure, and then he really did a number on the inside of her pussy with the busy swipes of his tongue. He flattened her inner vaginal lips, then sucked them into his mouth, alternatively flattening them again. He tickled their delicate edges, caressing up and down the petal-like lips with



didn't mind. The girl's lips were blowing a merry tune on his skin flute, sending messages of pure pleasure up his stalk to the rest of his body. His face was emersed in the heat and smell and liquid of her girlish passion, and his whole body was alive with lust.

"Suck it," the girl called out, as she briefly let his dick out of her mouth.

"Come on, man! Suck my cunt real good. I need it. Suck it, man! Suck it!" Then her mouth was back on the end of his prick, and Mitchell ventured to slide his tongue into the moistly warm slit of the girl's pussy. In it went, and he tasted cuntal honey. Her fiery syrup was bittersweet, the pungent emissions of her wonderful little cunt. They twisted and turned in their passion, till SHE



the point of his tongue. Then he searched out her clit! He found it, a tiny nub of sensitive flesh hidden beneath a flap of soft, loose skin.

"OH O-H-H-H. O-H-H-H-H-H-HHHH!!!!!" The girl was going out of her mind with pleasure, and after her mouth jumped off the guy's dick with the first surge of excitement brought on

IT WAS A WELL- OILED FUCK-FEST!



by the contact between his tongue and her clit, she returned her lips to his poker, this time sucking him harder and faster. The two of them were bucking and hump-

ing away on that floor, each one pressing lips and nose to the other's pubic hair.

Finally, the girl could



suck no more. She pulled her mouth off his cock and let her head fall away.

"OH my back!" she groaned. "This floor is too hard."

"Get up on the bench," Mitch said, lifting his wet

face from her snatch. Then he helped her to lie on the towel-padded changing bench, quickly going right back to her cunt. His tongue filled the juicy slot, his lips pressed the reddened pussy lips, and his powerful sucking slurped up





her copious spend. Gwen kicked her feet high in the air above them, exulting with the explosions of sensation that were erupting in her body. She cried out with the orgasmic pleasure of a woman, as Mitch's tongue penetrated her pussy again and again! "O-H-H-H, screw my pussy, hon," the girl moaned. "Screw me now. I'm ready, hon. O-H-H-H-HH!"

The guy lifted his mouth from her cunt, then turned her onto one knee on the towel-covered bench. She braced herself with a foot on the floor, wiggling her ass to gain his attention.

Mitch's hard-on was rigid. The sight of the girl's naked backside, pear-shaped and pink, roused his lust something fantastic. He stuck his thick bone between the halves of her ass, finding the slit of her pussy from the rear.

Then, as she dug her knee into the covering of towels, the blond surfer took her by the waist and began to pound his dick in and out.

Gradually, Gwen slipped to the floor. Placing a terry towel beneath her knees, Mitch kept his pecker buried in her pussy from behind. She had both hands on the bench now, steadying herself, as he ripped his cock in and out of her twat.

HE THREW HER A DOG-STYLE FUCK.

"Harder!" the girl begged. "Screw me hard, Mitch! OH! Screw me as hard as you can. That's it! Screw me good. OH! Harder! Harder!

H-a-a-a-arderrr!!!!"

He was ramming his rod in and out of her tightly grasping snatch from the rear, punishing her with his driving thrusts. Her smoothly rounded ass banged his loins with each powerful stroke, as he fucked her as fast as he could.

"O-h-h-h-hhh!" she moaned. "I'm creaming! OH! My cunt's creaming! OH! OH! O-H-H-HHH!!!!" She fell to the floor and rolled over, the guy staying right with her. She was on her side, writhing and squirming, as he plugged tightly in behind her. He lay on HIS side too, his naked ass stabbing the air behind him as he banged her repeatedly. Then she went limp, and as she rolled to her stomach, her cunt went slack and the guy's dong finally slid out.

"Ready for more?" Mitch asked after a time, as he helped the girl to her feet.

"I don't know," she said, glassy-eyed and sporting a dazed look on her face. "Let me put some of this on you," Mitch smiled, lifting a large plastic bot-



tle of suntan oil. "It's very sensuous. It makes you feel good all over . . . when I apply it to your skin."

The girl grinned suspiciously, but then giggled her girlish laugh as he squirted some of the oil all over her chest and then began to smear her breasts with the stuff. It looked to him as if she were really getting turned on again, as his palms caressed her bouncing boobs and his fingertips tickled her nipples.



**SHE SUCKED
HIS OIL-COATED
COCK.**

**HE
MASTURBATED
TILL HE
SPURTED JISM
ALL OVER HER
BELLY.**



**"GIVE ME A
COME BATH,
MITCH."**



"Let me do it to you," she said, then squirted a lot of the sticky stuff on HIS chest.

They quickly massaged the suntain oll all over each other's bodies, and both his rod and her nipples were quickly standing on end. Bending over the bench that was between them, the brunette gave a twitch of her well oiled backside and invited him to stick his cock in once again. Mitch obliged, coming around behind her to stab her cunt with his hard cock. He fucked her like that for some time, thrusting swiftly in and out.

"Give me another blowjob," he said, after he grew weary of thrusting. "Suck it real good."

He pulled his prick from her pussy and lay on the bench, rod straight up in the air. The girl went for it, all right, standing over him and bending down to slide her lips over the helmet-shaped tip of his dick. Then her face was riding up and down, his bone filling her mouth and distending her lips. Mitch just lay back and thrilled to the job she was doing on his rod, as the spittle-slickened organ disappeared into her sucking mouth and reappeared with rhythmic regularity.

"Give me a come bath," the girl said, when she finally lifted her mouth off his dick.

"A WHAT?!"

"Come on. You know," she said, blushing and grinning broadly. "Cream

on my titties. Come on. Play with yourself and make it go all over my tits."

"Well, okay I guess,"

Mitch said cautiously as he rose from the bench. "I haven't played with my

SHE TOOK HIS COME- SQUIRTING COCK RIGHT INTO HER MOUTH!



dick for some time, you know, but okay . . . if it's what you want."

Then the naked chick was on her back on the bench and the blond surfer was standing between her legs. He whipped his prick good, looking down at her gleaming body, her skin evenly coated with the suntain oil. Her breasts quivered and shook, as she breathed deeply and sighed with excitement. Then he saw that she was coming . . . and he began to come too! He shot off over her, droplets dotting her belly. She jumped up at the sight — and the feel of come raining on her skin — wolfing her mouth onto his spurting dick to gulp down a couple of squirts!

Then, finally satisfied, the girl fell back . . . jism smeared all over her lips and cheek. She was a surfer groupie, and she'd gotten what she came to the beach for . . . a handsome blond Adonis . . . a big cock . . . and a bath in syrupy come! As for Mitch, it was just a typical day for him. The chicks never get enough of those surfer guys and their hard cocks!





*Naked and sun-tanned,
they romped on the tile floor
of the beach house!*



The sweet little blonde cheerleader drove all the boys wild . . . but she wouldn't put out for any of them. A senior in high school, she was on her way to class when her dad's car ran out of gas. One of the guys from the football squad happened along, and helped her out. When she gave him a friendly kiss in thanks, the sparks flew!

Her fresh white panties grew moist with excitement beneath her cheerleader's skirt . . . and the hotly aroused young guy got a stiff hard-on in his pants. They decided to forget about school, and headed for his house. The kid's parents were out for the day, and they were all alone! The blonde couldn't get her eyes off the lump in the guy's trousers, and when he unzipped his fly and showed her his prick, she forgot all about her intention of remaining a virgin till she got married.

The young man talked her into playing with his dick, then putting



it into her mouth. She didn't think she'd like it at first . . . but she did! In fact, the cute little blonde high school cheerleader couldn't get enough of the football player's cock, and when he pulled down her panties to play with her pussy she begged him to fuck her!

They never did get to class that day. They took off all their clothes and had a party instead. The girl ended up with creamy jism all over her face and cunt . . . and THAT gave her something to cheer about!



"Young and Open!"



Holden couldn't believe his luck. The cutest chick on the cheerleading squad needed his help. She'd run out of gas on her way to school, and he was quick to go and fetch a gallon can of petrol for her at the nearest

service station. As he pured the gasoline into the tank of her father's car, he couldn't help glancing over at the blonde.

She was the best looking girl in school, no doubt about it. Her long blonde hair was in two pigtails, each

tied with a pink bow, and her cheerleader outfit showed off her nifty figure: a pair of uptilted knockers, firm and pointy, not to mention a curvy little ass and smooth, shapely legs. As the last of the gas

Her lips slid over his aching hard-on.

gurgled into the tank, Holden felt his prick turn stiff in his pants, heating the skin of his thigh as the damned thing inched down under his pants leg.

"That's about it, Cathy," he said, lifting the can. "Car oughta run now."

"OH, I'm so glad!" the blonde gushed. "I thought something was wrong with the car. I thought maybe I DID something. I'm SO happy!"

As she said that, she threw her arms around Holden, giving him a big kiss. The guy turned toward her, feeling the heat rise in his face and travel still further down his thigh in the form of his fully hardening dick. He tried to say something, but the words caught in his throat. To cover for himself, he slid his hands around the slender waistline of the beautiful young cheerleader, then returned her kiss. HIS lips pressed harder, opened wider and lingered



longer on the lovely babe's hot mouth. Then, he pressed her body closer to his, till the two of them were linked in an erotic embrace.

When their mouths came away from each other, he found that words were finally coming.

"How 'bout giving me a life?" he said in a voice that came out low and seductive despite







his agitation. "Let's go over to my place. Folks are out all day. C'mon, you know, cut classes and have some fun."

A mischievous smile spread slowly across the darling features of the pretty senior, and after she gulped once her reply was to nod in the affirmative. Holden smiled too,



"Tootle my skin flute, baby."



and seconds later they were in the car and barreling over to his place. After parking in the garage, the two of them went inside and wound up sitting side-by-side on the fancy brown velvet couch in the big living room.

Holden already had his arm around the girl, when she made a move. Her lips quivered as they parted, then found his startled mouth. She was some hot little piece of pussy, the guy thought, as his hard-on twitch in his white duck pants. **SHE REALLY DIGS KISSING!** When the kiss broke off, Cathy was giggling. Her face was pink and her eyes danced.

Holden found his heart pounding, and he didn't want to lose the advantage of the moment. How far could he go with this lovely creature, the prettiest girl in his class? Taking a chance, he dropped his hand to her hip,

smoothing down over the curving contour. Cathy didn't pull away. She just sighed.

As she rolled towards him, onto the opposite hip, his hand traveled down still further, passing the lower hem of her short skirt and finding flawlessly smooth thigh flesh. He gently caressed the fine skin, then brought his hands upwards again, this time sliding **UNDERNEATH** the pleated skirt of her cheerleader's uniform.

"O-H-H-H," the girl gasped, and her head lolled over so that it was lying against his shoulder. He moved his own head, nudging hers, then slid his hand around so that he was actually cupping one of her ass cheeks.

OH CHRIST! His hand felt the satiny fabric of the girl's underpants! Holden's heart stopped, then started up again, as he took a hard swallow. His cock had turned to cast iron in his pants, the damned thing rising and straining upwards against the cloth. He was

holding Cathy by the backside! . . . right under her skirt! He couldn't believe it.

"M-M-M-M-M," the girl moaned, closing her eyes and smiling and

nestling her head into the hollow between his neck and shoulder. She seemed to be encouraging him to do more. Holden

gave the girl's buttock a squeeze, then a friendly pat. When he did **THAT**, the bundle cuddling up to him let



"O-k-k-k, you're pulling down my panties!"



out a giggly laugh, turning over still further so that now she lay almost on her front. She reached up and tweaked his cheek,

then shifted her body so that her head was across his chest and she was almost lying over his lap.

"You want to play, eh?" he managed to say, his whole body turning liquid with excitement. Lifting the hand that was

under her short skirt, he flipped it over her cutely shaped little can. That gave him a



In a frenzy, she got over him and pressed her wet cunt to his mouth.





His cock eased in and out of her mouth.



perfect view of her behind, covered as it was by her snowy white panties. The sight of her pink ass cheeks, peeking out on both sides of the girlishly white panties sent a jolt through the young guy's body. Holden considered himself a pretty good makeout artist among his buddies at school and on the football squad, but he was still a virgin, and he'd never seen a girl in her under-panties before.

Wildly aroused, he ran his palm all over her backside, feeling the silkiness of the panties and the smoothness of the skin. Then, his hard-on threatening to burst out of his pants, the excited youth gave the perfectly formed little backside a sharp spank. The flesh jiggled enticingly, and the girl let out a little sigh. Holden spanked her again, then a couple of times harder, till the chick gasped and twittered on his lap, twisting a bit from side to side.







He yanked her pigtail, then drove his cock home!

"OH, I like that," she admitted. "IT'S REALLY EXCITING!"

The guy whacked her butt a few more times with the flat of his hand, then seemed to go into a frenzy. He pressed his face to her behind, turning back and forth so that he rolled first one cheek then the other over the slippery sleekness of her panties, then pressed his cheek fondly to one of her buttocks where it stuck out beyond the cloth of her undie. His hard-on was really urgent now, a hot stick of flesh in his pants.

His tongue slid out and he dared to lick the wonderful flesh of her butt, tickling it with the tongue-tip and then wetting it all over with his spittle. On his lap, Cathy was just lying still now, breathing heavily, her face down to the cushions of the couch. Her thighs were pressed together, her legs naked from



beneath the white panties all the way down to the royal blue sweat socks of her cheerleading uniform.

Holden guessed that she was as passionately aroused as he was.

That's when he took another chance. Some of the guys had told him about "petting below the belt," where the girl plays with your dick . . . and maybe, if you're lucky . . . you get to see her pussy and fiddle with it. The football player lifted the cheerleader and set her upright beside him on the couch, then rose to his feet.

"Look at this," he said bluntly, pointing down to the lump formed by his hard-on in his slacks. "It's really hard."

As Holden spoke, he flexed the muscle at the base of his prick, causing it to rise against the cloth of his trousers, then fall and rise again. He made it throb, tenting out the front of his pants. Cathy's eyes bulged. He knew the teenaged cutie had never seen a guy's rod, and she





His tingling rod slid into the tightly grasping pussy.



just might be willing to go that far with him.

"OH MY!" the blonde managed to say. "Is that your

THING?!"

"It's not a Bic Click," Holden came back. "You can unzip my fly if



Smooth strokes thrilled her hot cunt.



you'd like and take a look at him. He likes girls to play with him."

A hotly aroused smile came across the chick's flushed face, and her hands darted out as if with a will of

their own. Then, nervously, she was unzipping the kid's fly. He helped her by unbuckling his belt, and then she gently tugged his pants down a ways.

"O-H-H-H-H!" The blonde let out a long moan of

had fallen open, and she was clearly admiring the shape of the cock-head.

"Go ahead," he urged. "Play with it . . . if you'd like."

She did. The lovely little teenaged cheer-

leader gingerly traced the shape of the cock-head with her quivering fingertips, letting out little gasps of excitement. Then she was stroking the whole long rod,

finally bringing it close to her face. She smelled his dick, getting the sharp pungency of a young man's sexual arousal. That seemed to trigger something in her, because without



approval. Holden's rod had jumped out and sprung upwards, the shaft now straight as an arrow, the head pink and swollen and smooth-skinned.

Cathy's mouth



warning she brushed the blunt face of the cock-tip with her incredibly soft lips.

An electric shock went through Holden's body, as the babe began to kiss his cock-head. Then she parted her lips a little more and slid them partway over the knob.

"Go ahead," he said in a husky voice. "DO IT! PLEASE! O-H-H-H-H!"

She did that too! Cathy worked her lips over the whole cock-head, then pinched off the slightly smaller shaft. After a pause, during which she gulped hard, the girl brought her tightly ovalling lips to the root of Holden's cock-shaft, and then — as he began to groan with real passion — she began a rhythmic stroking, up and back, sucking on his pecker as if she'd been doing it all her life.

Things happened fast after that, crazy wild things. When the girl took her mouth off his wet prong, she rose and turned with her back to him, then



bent and raised her skirt.

"Rub it against my ass," she cooed, so excited he could sense her pussy was leaking juice into the crotch of her panties.

He did as she asked, poking his dick against her backside, working the head around over the slickness of her panties. She giggled crazily, and when she staggered back to the couch and fell into it, Holden followed. He boldly pulled down her panties, his prick sticking straight up from his lap. The girl was laughing crazily, as she reached down and took her under-pants off her feet. Eying his hard cock, she grabbed for it, wrapping her panties around it





The fucking couple curled up in the soft easy chair.

and then tightening it in her fist. As the guy sat back moaning, the girl began to masturbate him with her satiny panties, up and down, up and down, hardening and thickening his pole more than he ever thought it could get.

"I did you," she finally said, "... with my mouth. Now ... don't you think it's time you did me?"

As the girl spoke, she raised her little cheerleader's skirt all the way up and spread her legs so wide apart that as Holden bent over on the couch and looked up between her thighs he caught a glimpse of the triangular patch of her girlishly soft pubic hair. He scrambled to his knees on the carpeted floor at her feet, pressing in between her legs. Then, as he caught a whiff of her womanly desire, steaming up from the hot slit between her thighs, he plunged



his face in there. His lips caressed the lips of her cunt and his tongue delved inside, tasting the pungency of her pussy juice. Then he was licking and sucking, and the girl leaned back on the couch, moaning and groaning.

He was doing it! He was eating her box!

Holden felt as if he was in a dream ... A WET DREAM! He had actually gotten one of the cheerleaders out of her underpan-



ties, and not only had he seen her pussy . . . and touched . . . he was kissing and sucking on it. This was better than just FIDDLING with a girl's snatch. This was heaven! As he licked away inside the cute girl's pussy, he wondered: would she let him go all the way? Would Cathy let him fuck her today?!

Seconds later, he had his answer. The blonde had shed her skirt and was kneeling on the couch, joking and laughing. Naked except for his shirt, Holden got behind her, giving one of her long pigtails a yank. She wiggled her naked backside, tantalizing him, then DARED him to poke his prick into the moist pink slit of her pussy that he could see staring him in the face from the rear. He went for it, cock first, spearing her with a single driving movement that dispensed with her cherry and filled the tight tunnel of her cunt.

Before he even knew it, Holden was no longer a virgin himself. He





was fucking away at the cute little cheerleader's snug, warm little pussy. He was screwing her! HE WAS FUCKING CATHY!

The sleeveless top of her uniform was bunched up above her girlish little bosom and her charming young breasts were jiggling with the buffeting she was taking from the rear. The girl never wavered, and after she and Holden ate each other's genitals — sixty-nine fashion — on the couch,

Soft lips cuddled his throbbing prick.



she lay back on the floor and let him fuck her again. Then she begged to get it doggie-style once more, so he pulled her to her knees and plugged into her pussy from the rear as she knelt there on the carpet!

Now the young couple was screwing uninhibitedly, as if they'd been boffing together for years! The girl kicked off her sneakers, but left on her woolly socks; the guy was naked. They went to a handsome black easy chair, Holden's favorite, tumbling into it together.

"They say fucking in a chair is more intimate than in a bed," he said. "The two of us have to really curl up together."

"Let me get a towel," the girl smiled. "Before you . . . y'know . . . before you DO something all over this nice chair of your dad's."

She went into the bathroom, then came out with a big terry towel, which she carefully draped over the chair. Then she sat on it, spreading

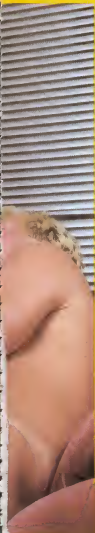
her legs and slouching way back.

"Eat my twat!" she said bluntly, enjoying the words. She held the lips of her sweet young pussy wide open.

Holden knelt on the floor and pressed his lips to her cunt once again, licking all around inside it till the juices were flowing. Then he

"OH! I'm having an orgasm!







Cuddling into his lap

He ate her soft, moist little pussy.

got her on her hands and knees along the seat cushion of the chair, giving her a friendly slap on the rump.

"This is the master's chair," he said. "Only the royal master sits here."

She laughed, letting him slide in beneath her, and then she settled down into his lap. Reaching beneath herself, she found his cock and commenced fiddling with it. Getting him hard, the girl slid his dick into the slot of her pussy, then worked her whole body up and down, fucking away. They were at



he fucked him gently.



It like that for a good, long time, thrilling to the cozi-ness of their posi-tion in the soft easy chair, till the guy wanted her sucking his prick once again.

He rose, lifting her off his lap and setting her on her knees on the floor, and then he stood over her, pretend-ing she was his slave and demand-ing that she suck his prick.

"C'mon, girl. Too-tle my skin flute a little. C'mon. Blow a merry tune on it, girl."

She tried to keep from laughing, as she slid her lips over the bloated head of the guy's rod, then tightened them and began riding up and back along the hard stalk. She had him good and hard, and he drew his wet dick slowly from her mouth to make sure she didn't go TOO far. He didn't want to shoot his load and lose out on her pussy. Instead, he



got her in that kneeling posture on the chair again, but this time after he gave her a friendly rap on the bare rump he followed it with a stiff cock up her twat from behind!

"OH!" the girl cried out, as he thrust away. "OH! OH! OH! I think I'm coming off now, Holden. OH yes! I'm having an orgasm. OH! OH! O-H-H-H-HHHH!!! I'm coming! I'm coming! I'm c-o-o-o-omingggg!!!!"

He kept thrusting, till she fell forwards, almost off the chair. She looked exhausted to Holden, played out. His still rod was begging for attention and his tight nuts for release. Getting another terry towel from the bathroom, similar to the one the girl lay lying over on the chair, he lay it out on the carpet to keep from getting his jism all over the place. Then . . . he roused Cathy.

"Will you suck me off?" he asked. "I mean, suck my dick till I shoot off?"

She looked up at him, a sleepy expression on her

face. Then, slowly, a smile began to play along her tender lips.

"I will," she said. "But don't cream in

my mouth . . .

PLEASE! A girl at school told me about that. It tastes terrible. Cream all over my

body though, on my pussy and all over my face. Okay?"

"Cream all over my body!"



Holden nodded, then guided the girl to her back on the towel he'd laid on the floor. He stepped over her,



one foot on each side of her chest. Then . . . he stooped down, aiming the tip of his hard cock for the parted slot between her wonderful lips. He eased his cock-head into her mouth, then began to slide it gently in and out. She increased the tension on his dick, and he picked up the pace.

Soon his dick was gliding in and out of her tightly ovalled mouth. **HE WAS FUCKING HER FACE!** In and out he rammed his throbbing boner, and the girl writhed sensuously on the towel, thrilling to every bit of the pounding her mouth was receiving.

"Here I come!" he called out, by way of warning.

"Here I c-o-o-me!"

She got her lips off his cock-head just in time, because Holden's syrupy semen was soon flying in droplets all over her face.

"O-H-H-H, I LOVE IT!" the girl laughed. She was grinning from ear to ear, gleaming come all over her chin.



He splashed semen all over her face.





Cock-cream dripped from her chin.







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